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*"What fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



**"CHARITY - BROKE."**

MR. OPENPURSE GOODHEART. — More charity entertainments to subscribe to! — My dear girl, is n't it about time some one gave a charity entertainment for ME?



## PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler &amp; Schwarzmann,

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Editor . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 20th, 1892. — No. 776

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THAT VILE WORD, "sectionalism," for the existence of which there should never have been cause or reason, has been somewhat too freely used of late in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago. There is no application in which we could less like to see it. It is a bad word. It stands for a bad thing—a bad, disloyal, un-American thing. It is a mean word to see cropping up when one of the biggest cities of a big country starts in to give a big fair, and invites every state and town, East and West, North and South, to contribute to its success. We think the men who start that word up at such a time deserve rebuke, and we are sorry to say that some of them are to be found among the best friends of Chicago and Chicago's Fair. They do not mean to do wrong, or to make mischief, or even to talk indiscreetly, but they are certainly doing Chicago a very ill service. It is perfectly natural that they should feel pained and disappointed at the tardiness of the Eastern States in entering into Chicago's enthusiasm for her great fair. But when they ascribe that tardiness to any such feeling as envy, hatred or malice, they make a very mischievous mistake, and incite people to dangerous talk about an issue which has disgraced and degraded our national politics, and which should never be permitted to enter into the social and business relations of the states.

It would be a great misfortune for the whole country if the idea became fixed in the minds of Western people that those of the East were jealous of their prosperity and their progress. No such jealousy exists, or ever has existed, or is ever likely to exist, because there is no conceivable reason for it. That prosperity has been too largely built up on Eastern capital to make any such feeling possible. The East has been the silent partner in the rushing business of the South and West. It is perfectly true that the populations of the Eastern States and the populations of the Western States are far from forming a homogeneous people in habits of thought and conduct; but this is as unavoidable as it is natural. They are two peoples of a common birth, but distinctly in two different stages of a perfectly normal and healthy growth, and it is more the accident of time than anything else that accounts for their differing phases of development. The self-assertive and somewhat extravagant tone of the West, does not, naturally, meet with a sympathetic reception in older states, and, certainly, twenty years hence, the West will see, more clearly than she does now, why we take less interest than she does in some of her achievements; and why her boasts of æsthetic advance sometimes provoke the chilly Eastern smile. But these are mere matters of surface feeling—inevitable, but in no wise significant from a practical point of view.

Assuredly they are not inconsistent with the pride and admiration with which the East regards the vast contribution of the West to our national wealth and strength. That, beyond doubt, is the kindly and brotherly sentiment of the whole East, which would perhaps more frequently find expression, if that expression were less urgently invited. "But," Chicago asks, "if this is the case, why does not the East come promptly forward to hold up my hands in the great enterprise I have taken upon my shoulders? To what other cause am I to ascribe the apathy of the East?" The answer is plain enough; though it may seem strange to Western citizens, among whom business interests are generally more united than they are here. It is to be ascribed to no one cause, but to a variety of causes, none of which involves any reproach to either "section." Let us try to speak for the State of New York. New York City should be deeply interested in the Chicago Fair. But New York City is represented in the New York State Legislature by less than one fifth of its members. The other four-fifths are from the rural districts. They represent, for the most part, a farming population—growers of broom-corn, hops and the like, fruit-raisers, dairymen and other folk who draw their living from the soil. These people have little stake in any World's Fair, and practically none at all in one held to the West of them.

Their struggle in life is less for their market than for their crops and for means of transportation. So, when you take a man who is wondering

whether this Summer's hop-crop is going to pay last Winter's grocery-bill, or a man who is watching the effects of the Spring freshets on the Mohawk lowlands, it is hard work explaining to him the theory of indirect profits as regards the Chicago exhibition. Yet he knows, and his representatives in the Legislature know still better than he does, how the wealth of the great City of New York lightens the burden of the farmer's taxation and lends the capital for the mills and the railroads that he needs. Is it strange or unreasonable that four-fifths of the community should be slow to learn that what seems solely the good of the remaining one-fifth is really their good, too? "But," says Chicago, "that other fifth—New York City—is also apathetic." But this is a mistake. In such an enterprise you can not expect the same eagerness from a community that is trying to invest capital as you might look for from a community that is trying to attract capital. And for every dollar that is trying to double itself in New York there is another running around hunting for five per cent. But the active business world of New York is amply ready and willing to take a lively interest in the World's Fair.

It must be confessed that so far it has shown an unnecessary deliberateness. But let the other side of the truth also be confessed. Chicago has by no means done her full share toward making the way clear for a hearty and friendly co-operation. She has made no adequate effort to give New York's business men a clear idea either of the requirements or of the opportunities of the occasion. We do not suppose that the managers of the Fair know of the lamentable inefficiency of this branch of their organization. But this is the fact: every effort that has been made in New York to awaken an intelligent interest in the Fair has been made by New York papers or by New York merchants, and they have had to seek the information that should have been given. This is a very one-sided way of co-operating. And if such a state of affairs arises, even in part, from any feeling of resentment or distrust in the Western mind, the people who have started the talk of "sectionalism," ought to be taught the folly and wickedness of their chatter. This is the practical side of the matter, and the side which should be looked to now. It is too early to expect the awakening of national enthusiasm for a national undertaking. That will come fast enough when the Fair begins to assume visible form and shape. At present the work that lies before the friends of the Fair, in Chicago or in New York, is to promote its material needs by practical means, and to sit down very hard on the well-meaning, but hot-headed people whose unjust, unwise, impatient talk of "sectionalism" can serve only by the use of a bad word to engender a bad thing.



## A LABOR DIFFICULTY.

WALKING DELEGATE.—Yez must shtop doin' thot work unless yez hov a card signed by th' Supreme Exalted Grand Master av th' Union!

MULCAHEY.—But it's me wife's wood, Mистер.

WALKING DELEGATE.—I can't help thot. Lave off!

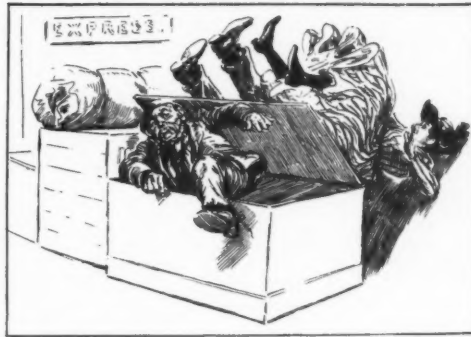
MULCAHEY.—Faith, Oi'll not. Oi'm ready to tackle yure Suprame Exalted Grand Masther; but whin it comes to a t'ree-hundred-pound woman wid rid hair, Oi'm not in it!



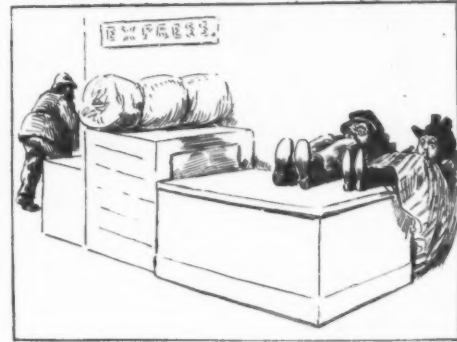
## CAUGHT ON THE FLY.



TOM RUSSELL (the porter).— Mary, I love you, I love you! One word from you can make me the happiest of men. Say that one sweet word, and raise me—



BOB HUSTLE (the tramp).— Holy Moses!—this is gettin' too hot for me!



MARY.— Oh, Tom; this is so unexpected! But—yes!

### STRANGE THEY DIFFER!

In the tastes of Chicago and Boston  
A mighty wide gulf intervenes;  
Though one of them furnishes *pork*,  
And the other one furnishes *beans*.  
W. H. W.

### TWO LONG-FELT WANTS.

JINKS.— By George! I've struck it. I'll be rich in five years.  
WINKS.— What at?

"Going to start an intelligence office."

"Huh! Nothing new about that."

"Wait till you see me. I'll have a regular line of cabs, and send 'em around every morning to all my customers."

"What for?"

"To leave a fresh girl and take yesterday's girl away. Just think of it! For the mistresses, a new girl every morning; for the girls, a new place every day. There's millions in it."



### NO WONDER.

"Were you out to the races yesterday, Bloomer?"

"I was out at the races yesterday."

"I thought so. Were the races good?"

"Rank."

"Was n't the day perfect for racing?"

"I believe so."

"Was n't there a large attendance?"

"Yes."

"Did n't Jim Jam equal the mile and a quarter record?"

"That's what they claim."

"Were n't two jockeys killed in the hurdle race?"

"That's what they told me."

"Did n't Flip Flap break the mile record?"

"Yes."

"If you call yesterday's races rank, what under the sun do you call good racing?"

"When I can pick a winner."

Harvey Brown, Jr.

### LOVE TIGHTLY BOUND.

PRACTICAL GIRL.— You wish me to marry you, and to go to the far West to struggle for existence on a timber claim. Do you not fear that when poverty comes in at the door, love will go out of the window?

ARDENT SUITOR.— No; indeed. We'll live in a dug-out, and there won't be any window.

LET US give consolation to the afflicted, brethren. The regrets of an editor are not very poignant, but they help to let the other fellow down easy.

### SOMEWHAT HARDENED.

OLD NICK O'TEENE (to his YOUNG WIFE).— My first wife was always cold and distant. I like the sweet, confiding way you nestle up to me.

HIS YOUNG WIFE.— Oh, I don't mind it; I used to work in a tobacco factory!



JACK POTTER.— Do you believe there is any luck left in "4—11—44?"

BOB TAYLOR.— Well, I guess; it won for me last night.

### A MEAN WOMAN.

FIRST FLOOR-WALKER.— Talk about meanness! That woman in the black silk is a reg'lar old miser, I'll bet.

SECOND FLOOR-WALKER.— Did she haggle over prices?

FIRST FLOOR-WALKER.— No; she selected her things, and paid for 'em fast enough. But during the whole seventeen minutes we've kept her waiting for her change, she has n't moved around once to look at the other sorts of goods we've got on sale. 'Fraid she'll see something she wants, I s'pose.

### OUT OF DATE.

MRS. BANGUP.— What a horribly old-fashioned woman that Mrs. Motherhood is!

MR. BANGUP.— You told me she always wore the latest Paris fashions.

MRS. BANGUP.— Yes; she does. But she goes out riding every day with a last year's baby.

### A SERIOUS MATTER.

"They tell me that young Charley Dudeleigh of the "Maid of Athens" Combination was arrested in Troy last week."

"Yes; it cast a damper on the whole company."

"What was the charge—serious?"

"Yes; impersonating an actor."

### BREAKING IT GENTLY.

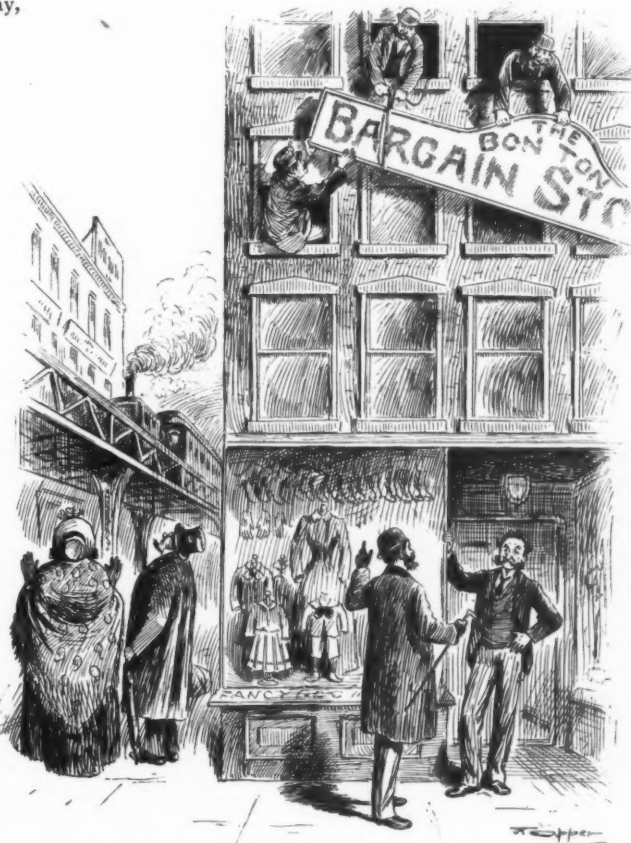
D'AUBER.— Just from the Academy, eh? Is my picture hung?

FRIEND.— Yes; and a man named Bilkins, who examined it, said it was a fine piece of work.

D'AUBER (delighted).— Who is this Mr. Bilkins?

FRIEND.— One of the giants at the museum.

THE HUMORIST makes game of the boarding-house keeper, but she gets even with him by charging in advance for what she gives, and paying on time for what she buys. That's something he can't do.



### LOOKING UP.

WILKINS.— Say, Bargenz; don't you think they're hanging your sign too high?—No one will see it.

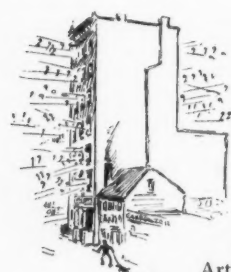
BARGENZ.— Oh, I cater mosdly to country beoples—dey'll see it!

# MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

## A DINNER IN POVERTY FLAT.

"FIFTH FLOOR; you can't miss it, because there's a dispossession notice stuck on the door!" and, with a cheerful salute, my friend, Mr. William Buskin, bounded to the front platform of a passing horse-car, and left me standing on the curb, fully committed to take dinner with him in Poverty Flat the following Sunday.



It was the middle of a hot Summer. My friend Buskin and salary had been strangers to one another for two months to my certain knowledge, and the chance of renewing the acquaintance for two months to come was very slender. He lived with two or three friends, as needy as himself, in a small flat west of Sixth Avenue. The apartment in which the thespians dwelt was situated in a tall building called the Gilt-Edge, which also sheltered a large number of ladies and gentlemen identified with Literature, Art, Music, and The Drama. By reason of the jovial proclivities of most of the tenants, their proficiency in vocal and instrumental music, and the number of pianos and violins maintained on the premises, the Gilt-Edge Apartment House was frequently on Summer evenings the fountain head of mirth and melody, and a noteworthy feature of the block on which it stood.

I could not, for the life of me, comprehend how Mr. Buskin, with nothing in his pockets but the dollar I had just lent him, and with a dispossession notice hanging on the outer walls of his abode, could have the hardihood to give a dinner-party; but, then, his was one of those bright volatile natures that are never cast down by adverse circumstances; so I simply gave up wondering, and made up my mind to accept the invitation, and to hope for the best.

When I entered the Gilt-Edge Apartment House on Sunday afternoon, I found that building completely given over to the Muses. It seemed to me, as I clambered slowly upstairs, that there was a farce-comedy company rehearsing in every room. The vibrant melody of the banjo filled the second floor; the occupants of the floor above were uniting their forces in a terrific song and dance; while the fourth floor fairly rang with the discordant notes of the piano and a violin, blending with half a dozen voices in "Comrades." On the fifth floor I easily found the door with the dispossession notice, knocked on it, and was admitted to Poverty Flat.

"Glad to see you, old man!" cried Mr. Buskin, taking his heels off the table, and grasping me cordially by the hand. "Step right in, and let me introduce you to my old friend Horatio Ringdown, my first manager, who is staying with us for a few days; and this is Charley Props, who was out with us last season."



Mr. Ringdown, a smooth-shaven gentleman of advanced years, arose and greeted me with punctilious courtesy. His eyes were bright, his linen clean but frayed, and his black coat buttoned tightly across his breast. He impressed me, somehow, as being in straightened circumstances, and yet he carried himself with an air of martial dignity that was imposing, to say the least.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said in tones of mingled dignity and deference. "I am under very great obligations to the Press for its hearty recognition of my efforts from the very moment of my arrival in this country, forty years ago. In fact, sir, if it had not been for the generous treatment accorded me by the American Press, I doubt if I ever would have reached the place in my profession which I can now call my own; and during my career of forty years in this country, playing a

wide range of parts, from the humblest to the highest, I have never denied that it is the enlightened and discerning critics who have made me what I am."

At the conclusion of this address — delivered as if it had been accompanied by the freedom of the City of London — Mr. Ringdown resumed his chair, and took up the work on which he had been engaged when I entered. That was tying a large steel fork securely to the end of a long pole.

Mr. Props, who had been gazing intently out at the window, as if watching for some one, nodded pleasantly to me without relaxing his vigilance. Nor did he turn his head when, at the close of Mr. Ringdown's harangue, he remarked:

"Billy, had n't you better offer your friend something to drink? It's dry work listening, such weather as this."



While Mr. Buskin was rummaging in some far-away closet for a clean glass, I saw Mr. Props suddenly leave his post by the window, tip-toe out into the hall, and then suspend himself head-down in a listening attitude over the balusters. As he re-entered the room a moment later, Mr. Ringdown looked up from his work inquiringly, and the other nodded.

"Hurry up, Billy!" he called to his friend, who was now looking for the whiskey bottle; "the coast's all clear, they've both gone out."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Ringdown, "your friend would like to go into the front parlor, and entertain himself with the books and engravings while we prepare the repast."

This apparently commonplace remark threw the others into convulsions of laughter, on their recovery from which my friend Buskin said:

"The fact is, my dear boy, we shall need your assistance not only in preparing the repast, but in procuring it; and, besides, I doubt if the books and engravings in the front parlor would interest you as much as the study of still life that you can obtain at the rear end of the apartment. You must remember that you are now in Poverty Flat, where the meals at this time of the year are seldom, and are obtained, when obtained, by the most artistic hustling imaginable. Is that fork all right, Ringdown?"

The fork was all right, and Mr. Props called me to the window, which opened on a wide, light air-shaft, and pointed downward to the window of the opposite apartment on the floor below. This window,

like ours, was open, and just inside it stood a good-sized ice-chest.

"That box," said Mr. Props, dramatically, "contains our dinner, and we've got just ten minutes to get it in. Billy, give me that spear, and all of you take hold of me, and see to it that I don't fall."

He leaned far out over the window-ledge, while we grasped him by the legs and ankles, and held on for dear life — that is to say, *his* dear life — and our dinners. By a quick lunge of the pole the fork was embedded in the lid of the ice-chest, and as quickly pulled back, leaving the chest open, and revealing a feast which brightened the eyes and quickened the pulses of old Mr. Ringdown in a way that was almost pathetic.

"I say, Charley!" cried the old man; "you'd better make sure of that beefsteak the first thing you do. That's too good a thing to be missed."

It was a magnificent-looking steak, to be sure; and beside it were half





a peck of sweet potatoes, half a dozen huge Spanish onions, two pine-apples, and any number of bottles of beer. Charley "made sure of" the beef-steak with one fell swoop of the steel prongs, and I know I almost yelled with delight as old Ringdown seized it with trembling fingers, and hauled it in over the window-sill. "The onions next, my boy!" exclaimed the

worthy histrion; "they go beautifully with a steak like that;" and up came the onions, one after another, followed quickly by the sweet potatoes and pine-apples. Then Mr. Props hauled himself in, black in the face from his exertions while suspended in mid-air. "It's your turn now, Billy," he gasped, as he sank into a chair; "you're the lasso expert of the crowd."

Mr. Buskin therefore took his stand at the window with a long piece of twine in his hand, and, making a slip-noose at one end, deftly guided it by aid of the pole to a snug position round the neck of one of the beer bottles, and a moment later it was drawn up and added to the recently acquired larder.

Meantime Mr. Ringdown had not been idle. No longer needed as a sheet anchor to the piratical Mr. Props, he had busied himself in the little kitchen, and now the smoke that filled the whole apartment told us that he had succeeded in lighting a fire in the range. Mr. Ringdown, to do him justice, always strove to make his "visits" as agreeable to his host and fellow-guests as he possibly could, by lending a hand at the stove or following the precarious chase of food with a skill and zest that were really remarkable in one of his age.

And now, the fire having been induced to burn lustily and cheerily, Mr. Ringdown proceeded to the table, going about the task with a stately dignity befitting an impersonation of *Julius Caesar*. The last bottle of beer having been drawn up, the lid of the ice-chest was closed by Mr. Buskin, and we all set to work to prepare the dinner. The sweet potatoes were embedded in the hot embers and the onions placed in a stew-pan. The steak, the *pièce de résistance* of the banquet, was entrusted to Mr. Ringdown, the most accomplished cook in the company, and appetizing odors presently began to pervade the room.

It was Mr. Ringdown, himself, who gave us the signal to begin by depositing the steak on a well-heated platter, and placing it in the centre of the table with the remark: "Now, gentlemen, if you will take your places and divide the steak into four equal portions I will rake out the other delicacies from the ashes."

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Props, gravely, as he marked the thick, juicy piece of meat for dissection, "it's lucky our neighbors downstairs have not only the means, but the good taste, as well, to provide us with such an excellent repast. Now, just look at this steak—juicy, tender and cut thick, as it ought to be. I tell you it pays to get the best when you're out marketing."

"Especially when you do your marketing with a lasso and a spear,"

remarked Mr. Buskin, whereat we all laughed uproariously. We could well afford to, with the odor of the steak ascending to our nostrils, and Mr. Ringdown dishing the onions and sweet potatoes with his usual adroitness.

The meal progressed merrily, and just as we reached the dessert the door opened and in walked a gentleman with a high silk hat, a heavy moustache, a gaudy waistcoat and a look of annoyance on his face.

From the alacrity and deference with which my hosts rose to greet him I concluded that he must be a person of considerable importance in their immediate circle.

"Sit down, Mr. Dates!" exclaimed Charley, with smiling cordiality; "I hope you've come to see us about that engagement. Well, we're just ready to sign with you for next season, and very glad—"

"Engagement be blown!" exclaimed Mr. Dates, testily; "I want to know what sort of a place this Gilt-Edge Apartment is, anyhow. My wife and I just moved in yesterday down on the floor below. Stepped out for a little walk this afternoon and took care to lock the door behind us. Had our dinner put carefully away in the ice chest, fine beefsteak—"

Just at this point Mr. Dates stopped, for his glance had fallen upon Mr. Ringdown, who, in the most natural and careless way in the world, was conveying two large pine-apples from the table to his lap.

I felt a cold chill run down my back as the manager advanced to the table—just as Mr. Ringdown disappeared under it in the most easy and graceful manner imaginable—picked up the pole with the fork lashed to it, and then cast an awful, withering glance about our little group.

"So that's the way you get your dinners, is it?" he exclaimed, while his face turned almost white, and Mr. Props and I mentally calculated our chances of getting past him and through the door, in case of necessity.

"Yes," he continued, glancing at the window, "you have an excellent location here for doing your marketing. I guess I'll get a ham, myself," and he made a violent lunge at Mr. Buskin. The actor avoided the spear thrust, and the fork was imbedded in the wall. Before the manager could extricate it, Mr. Props had opened the door, and all three of us were out on the landing.

As we sped down the stairs, I glanced between the rails and caught a glimpse of Mr. Dates plunging his spear under the table; but when we reached the street, a cheerful shout revealed the aged Ringdown, with a nimbleness which must have been the fruit of long experience, descending the fire-escape, where the irate manager dared not follow him.

I will mention, in conclusion, the fact that not one of my friends was engaged to go out that season under the management of Mr. Augustus Dates.

James L. Ford.



### EVERY RULE HAS ITS EXCEPTION.



THE RULE.

MR. SKINNER.—Five minutes late again this morning, Mr. Filer; fifty cents fine; this will serve to teach you that it is our duty to meet every engagement of this life with promptitude and alacrity.



THE EXCEPTION.

MR. SKINNER.—Very sorry, indeed, very sorry, indeed, Mr. Hard-fint; but I shall be obliged to ask you for another extension of time on that six months' note.

LIVING FLATS AND SHADOWS SHARP; AS SEEN FROM THE FLAT OPPOSITE.



A side-light on Deacon Hardpate, who is always shouting "Prohibition!"



This picture is usually looked for on Mr. Short's window on the first day of every month.



The neighbors had always admired Miss Bangs's beautiful head of hair, until —



The gentleman who is always boasting of the elegant dinners he eats at Delmonico's.



The people opposite are beginning to understand why Mrs. Brown married Mr. Brown.

A MERITORIOUS PRODUCTION.

He was an intensely intellectual man. A walking book-list!

None of Pardee's friends ever took in any of the critical periodicals; when they wanted to know about a recent publication, they merely asked him. And whether it was a novel of the "Wee Wife" class or a treatise on Mesozoic Paleontology, he always proved to be intimately acquainted with the contents.

One day it happened that a fair young book agent drifted into Pardee's office, downtown. He was writing a scorching letter to a man out in Montana at the time, and did not care to be interrupted.

"Can I show you," she began, "the works of Shakspeare in five volumes, with steel engravings?"

Pardee had several fine editions of Shakspeare at home. So he said shortly, like a common ordinary mortal: "No; I'm busy now."

"It will take but a minute," she remarked smilingly, as she began to undo the bundle.

"I have n't the time; you will have to excuse me," he returned, as he hardened his heart against the sorrowful expression that had begun to creep into her trustful eyes.

"But these are the works of Shakspeare," she pleaded; "if you'd only look at them, I'm sure you'd take an interest in them."

This touching expression of confidence in Pardee's intellectual faculties threw the clerks in the office into such a gale of laughter that the young woman gathered her volumes together and left the room in Sibylline wrath.

Harry Romaine.



"A STANDING ADVERTISEMENT."



Mr. Stuff, the author of "How to Behave at the Table," as he appears when taking his evening meal.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

OPERATIC MANAGER.—I can't afford to pay you over seventeen dollars a week and expenses, and you must permit me to announce you as receiving one thousand dollars a night.

MADAME HIGHNOTE.—Make it twenty, and you may announce me at two thousand dollars a night.

ANOTHER PLOT.

THE CZAR.—A horrible thought strikes me!

THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.—What is that, your majesty?

THE CZAR.—If that dentist was a Nihilist he may have filled my teeth with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite hard I shall blow the top of my head off!

RANK NONSENSE.

Oh, for the thought that never was thought  
By the man who had never a brain!  
And oh, for the pleasure that never was caught  
By the man who had never known pain!

And oh, for the actor who never denied  
That he never had made a success!  
And oh! for the athlete who never has tried  
To render the record still less!

And oh, for the dollar that never was spent  
By the man who was never dead broke!  
And OH, for the maid who would never repeat  
Of the word that she never yet spoke!

Tricotrin.

OHM TALK.

FIRST ELECTRIC WIRE.—With all their kicking, there is one thing people never threaten to do to us.

SECOND ELECTRIC WIRE.—What is that?

FIRST ELECTRIC WIRE.—Handle us without gloves.

MIRANDA.—I would n't marry that man if every hair were strung with gold.

MAUD.—Why not?

MIRANDA.—He is bald-headed.

IT IS THE USE to which we often put it that really debases the currency.

"THE GREAT HEIR OF FAME"—"Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes."



AN AREA-BELL PULL.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE.—And how have you managed to get along this Winter, Mrs. Murphy?

MRS. MURPHY.—Sure, Ma-am; wid the help o' God and a few servant girls I've pulled t'rough.



## THIS MERRY AGE.

THIS is a merry age—as merry as wedding-bells. The daily papers and the after-dinner speeches of prominent men are full of jokes and gay conceits; but aside from these and from the Egyptian hilarity of “glee” clubs, it is, indeed, a merry age. And it is strange how so old an age can be so merry.



It is the comedies and farces that succeed at the theatres—they and the opera-bouffes. To be sure, in these last there is much that is exaggerated, and when the King comes down from the throne, kicks his crown into the orchestra, and sings tenor to the tramp's bass, it is not altogether true to life, for kings can't sing; but if he will enter into the part merrily, and, at some pause in the encore, hit the meddling baker dextrously in the bib with his shining sceptre, we excuse the departure from nature, and await with interest the actor's next artistic triumph when he hits the baker again.

Tragedies have gone out. As they well enough deserved, they have met with a sad end. Once the fifth act of a play had to contain a scene of slaughter as surely as the play itself had to be introduced by a prelude written by a friendly scientist. This is the way these scenes ran—with gore:

LORENZO.—Villain! (*Stabs him.*)

KING.—Thus ingratitude discards me! (*Dies.*)

QUEEN.—Most foully dealt! (*Dies.*)

LORENZO.—Next! (*Stabs POSTMASTER.*)

POSTMASTER.—There is nothing for nobody! (*Dies.*)

AUDIENCE.—Where's my hat? (*Dies.*)

Now, when we grow morbid, and wish to contemplate such a scene as this, we simplify matters by strolling out to the stock yards.

But if plays are merry, regard the novels; many of them—if we could only know—merry purposely, and more of them merry *à leur insu*, which latter is the more fetching. Heavens, how I have laughed over the Kreutzer Sonata, Ben Hur and R. Ellsmere! As for Mr. Howls, when he is merry *à son insu*, he can give you a cramp just to read him. In that style of humor he is almost matchless. In former times novels were treatises. It is not possible to imitate what they said, for they never said anything, but they sounded like this:

BERTRAM.—Granted. But if the past can rightfully be admitted to influence the Future, why should not the Future in like manner influence the Past?

PHILOSOPHER.—Youth, seek not to penetrate the Mysteries of the Stars. Go with yonder smiling Maiden, and abide upon the Plains with the Sons of Earth, for thou couldst not endure to live with me, a solitary hematite upon the mountain-tops, nor to listen to my awful teachings torn from the secret Heavens.

BERTRAM.—I would not have to. I would get a nautical almanac, and learn more in about ten minutes than you ever knew.

Such was the style of the dreary old-time novel. Happily our own literature reflects the feelings of our merry age. Yet literature is never more than a feeble reflection, and he who judges by it alone, will go far amiss. One needs to hear and to see the life. Most impotent and futile are the jests one reads, compared with the jests one hears in conversation. There is the fire, the *élan*. In a company, a paper jest would seem as tame as the Wild Man of Borneo. For in living communication, there are the smile, the drawl, the frown, the “dialect and different skill,” the gesture and the ready expletive. Instead of the insipid printed “ha, ha,” there is the contagious bray. Instead of the thin exclamation point, there is the jab in the ribs. Again, after the printed jest comes an advertisement, while, after the verbal jest comes the rich, noble laughter of the man who tells it. Above all, after a series of printed jests, comes the end of the paper, while, after a round of spoken jokes, some one who has laughed himself insane will, very likely, before recovering himself, say: “Well, what shall it be?” How gay and pleasing it all is! This is real life.

Williston Fish.



## IT HAD JUST STRUCK HIM.

MR. LAFFAN (*Humorist, looking up suddenly from his work*).—My dear, I do wish you would break yourself of that silly habit of laughing out loud when you are reading. How do you expect me to do any writing—

## THE MAIDEN BEAUTIFUL.

I hold a maiden beautiful  
Whose eyes beam forth her pure intent,  
Whose words unconsciously reveal  
A heart as sweet as innocent,  
Whose helping hands oft seek and find  
Some kindly act of love to do—  
I hold this maiden beautiful—  
To be sincere, I like to, too.

Frank S. Bailey.

## ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

It is sweet and proper to die for one's country; but it is a good deal more heroic to live to seventy-nine, or so, and then marry a girl of seventeen who can get the widow's pension out of one's comrades' great-great-grandchildren.

## THE GENIAL BDGH.

MRS. DE FREESE (*trying to “let” a room*).—It's very pleasant, sir; I assure you.

MR. SHIVVER.—But there is n't any stove!

MRS. DE FREESE.—Oh, if you get cold, I don't mind you turning the gas up high.

MR. SHIVVER.—Thanks, awfully; but I'm not put on “cold storage” yet. Good night.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.  
“Making a Fool of Himself.”

## A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

“Surprise parties are always cut and dried beforehand.”

“Not always. We gave one to Rev. Mr. Hicks, the other night. We found him in the bath-tub, and his wife in the back parlor, reading Laura Jean Libbey.”

## PLEASED THE ARTISTIC SOUL.

HE.—What do you think of the Madison Square Garden from an architectural point of view?

SHE.—Lovely! I always did like yellow brick.

## AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

AMERICAN MINISTER (*to the COURT OF BORRIOBOOLA-GHA*).—It's a foine foight thim patriots do be makin', an' me heart goes out to thim. Down wid King Borriobool an' up wid th' patriots says Oi.

ATTENDANT.—The British minister seems to sympathize with the patriots, too.

AMERICAN MINISTER.—Bedad, thi Oi'm agin em.



MRS. LAFFAN.—But it's the manuscript of your own book I'm reading, dear.

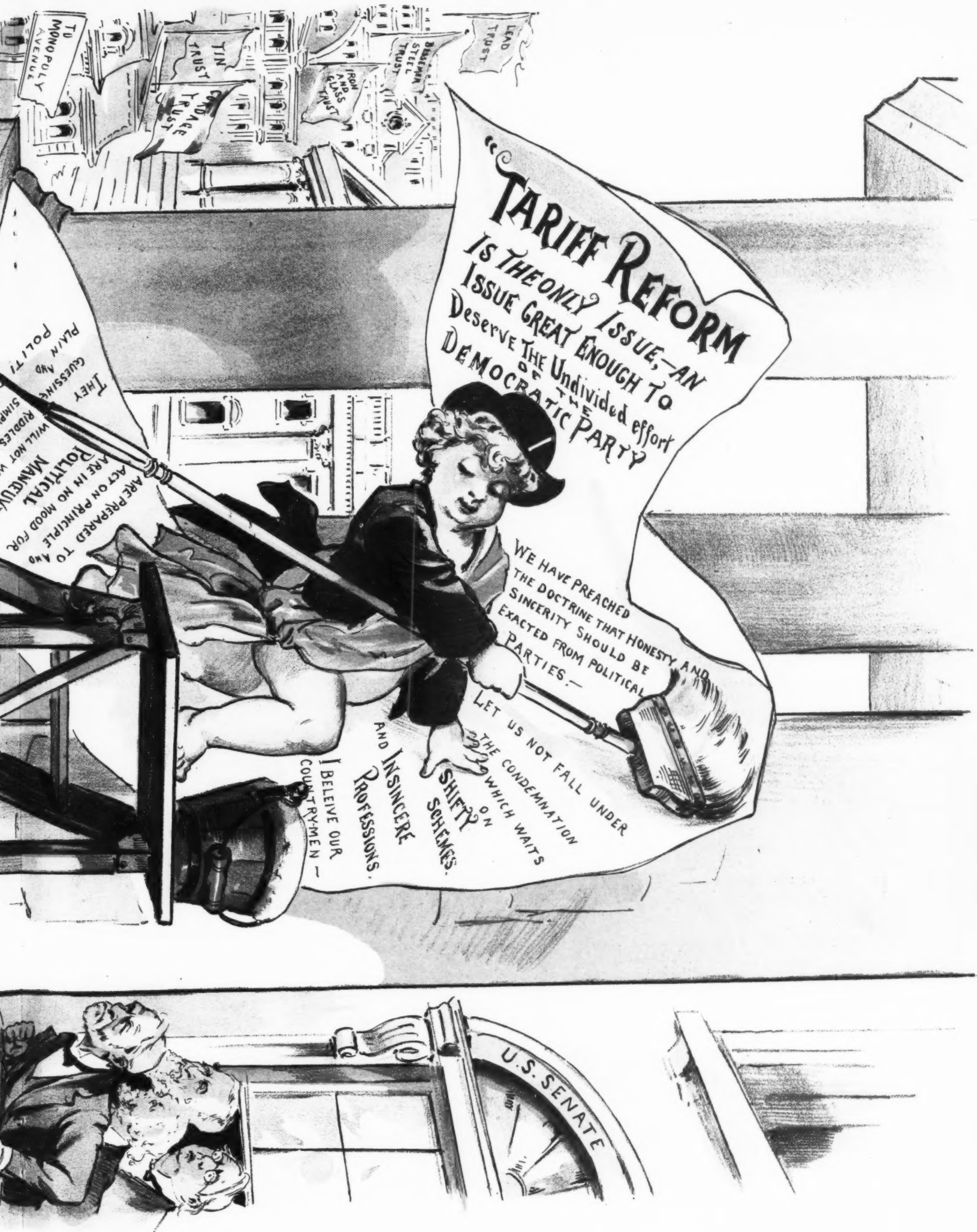
MR. LAFFAN.—Ah, yes—certainly, of course! Ah—what was I saying? Oh, yes—wonderful how much more work I can do at home than I could at the office, is n't it, Maria?



THE PEOPLE'S DEMAND.



PUCK.



## THE REWARD OF VALOR.

ONE EVENING, this Winter, Jack Lever "had to go" to a very swell affair on Prospect Heights in Brooklyn. At least, that was the way he spoke of it, though the compulsion was not apparent to others.

How he finally succeeded in reaching the house, after a roundabout journey, through East New York, Jamaica and Flatbush need not be told—it is a matter everyone can duplicate from practical experience—nor what he did after he got there. How he danced all the waltzes and cut all the square dances, and came out victorious from the rush at the supper table, and made love to all the pretty girls, and skillfully guided seemingly innocent conversations about the Sunday-school lesson into the deepest and most desperate flirtations.

It is enough to say that when he took his departure, at half past two, every young lady whom he had met had had her natural prejudice against Brooklyn young men considerably strengthened by the contrast.

When Jack left the house he went at once to the nearest Elevated Station, and, of course, the sleepy colored porter informed him that there were no more trains that night, and he descended to the street.

He then noticed that the horse-car tracks were powdered over with a light fall of snow, and drew the inference that they had also retired to their wire-woven couches.

The three mile walk to the Bridge, in thin, patent leather shoes, was not a pleasant one; but he had to take it. He was nearly frozen by the time he reached there, and the half hour wait for a train did not improve his spirits.

When he got across to the New York side, the newsboys were calling the morning papers, and Jack bought one to read going up in the Elevated.

The first sentence that caught his eye freshened him up like a Turkish bath:

"War in Europe! Germany and Russia at Swords' Points!! Conflict believed to be inevitable!!!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack; "here's a good healthy war-rumor! If that does n't put wheat up five cents, I'm a duffer! Five cents: that will let me out with three cents profit instead of two cents loss. And to think I might never have known anything about it till ten o'clock in the morning! I'm two thousand and five hundred dollars richer than I thought I was;—and yet some people say it does n't pay to go to Brooklyn!"

Harry Romaine.

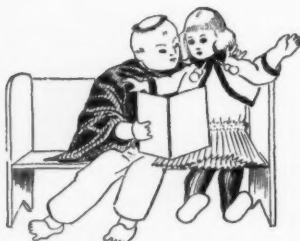
## A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

MR. BRONSTON.—Miss Braney, the American girl who took all the prizes in the English universities, has returned to this country, and I saw her in the street to-day.

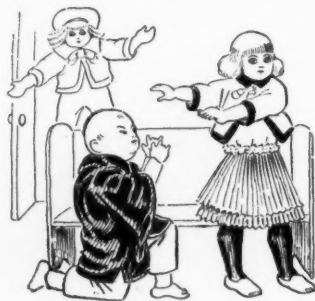
MRS. BRONSTON (*with interest*).—Did you? How was she dressed?

## A FORTUNE-TELLER STILL IN REPUTE—The Mercantile Agency.

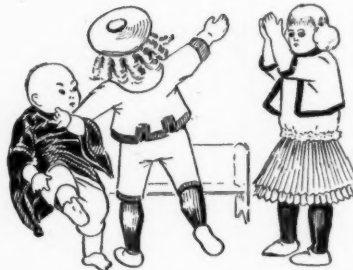
IT IS PROFITABLE to know one's self; but there is more money in knowing just how others rate us.



3) The truth he was only too eager to grasp, And likewise the teacher, who cried with a gasp:



4) "To save this poor sinner what dangers I've braved! And now from Ah Sin I find I must be saved;

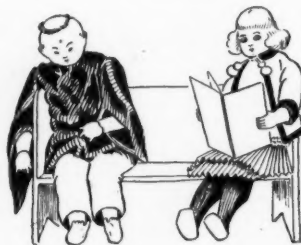


5) "Oh, save me!" "You bet!" shouted Little Boy Blue. "I'll tackle Ah Sin for a lesson or two,

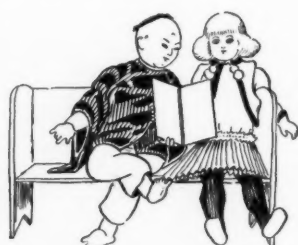


6) And remark on this head, though you've failed with Chinese, If you must convert somebody, just convert me!"

## THE CHINESE MISSION IN DOLLTOWN.



1) Dear Little Bopeep, as I've lately been told, Tried to bring a lost Chinese sheep into the fold;



2) And her efforts his tough heathen heart to impress At first seemed to meet with astounding success.

## TOO LAVISH.

"Ward Healey seems to be a great lover of the people."

"Yes; he's a regular political libertine."

IN THE Spring begin to lay up for your overcoat, or in the Winter you may be laid up for the want of it.

THE MAN who has too much self-respect to marry for money, will often resort to pretty slippery tactics in a business transaction.

AN IRISH PHILOSOPHER says that if we do not strive for that which is out of our reach we will never get it.

## THE ORIGIN.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.—What have you there, Brother?

ASSISTANT.—The most horrible torture yet invented.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.—Good! What might you call it?

ASSISTANT.—A camel's hair undershirt.

## NOT UP TO THE MARK.

CUSTOMER.—So you have discharged that new man? He was a good shaver.

BARBER.—Yes; he handled the razor with considerable finesse, but his shampoo rubs lacked technique.



## ONE OF MANY.

SHE DID not love him, though he spoke  
His very soul in ardent glances —  
In fact, she made somewhat a joke  
Of his advances.



She did not love him, though  
he pressed  
His cause with tenderness  
disarming —  
She laughed at him, while  
she confessed  
She found him charming.

He plied her ear in accents  
low,  
In tones that told of deep  
distraction;  
She took it all with calmness, though  
With satisfaction.

He wrote her verses wherein flowed  
The poet's spring of Grecian fable —  
She was so little moved, she showed  
Them all at table.

To all appearance, though he spent  
His life in the essay to please her;  
'T was vain for the impertinent  
To try to tease her.

His gifts around her fell like rain,  
His visits knew no intermission,  
And still his suit seemed to maintain  
The same position.

At morn we marked him to her fly,  
And by her side till evening tarry,  
Yet any one could tell you why  
They would not marry.

'T was not that 'mid the heartless few  
We classed this maiden so serene, it  
Was simply that the whole town knew  
He did not mean it.

Thomas Wharton.

## ON THE ROAD.

*Henry Earlybird.*

Representing  
CLINGSTONE & CO., N. Y.

IN NEW YORK.

*Clingstone & Company.*

Represented by  
HENRY EARLYBIRD.

## A FIELD FOR OPERATION.

"I am thinking of opening a branch Keeley  
Institute. Where do you think would be a good  
place?"

"Have you thought of Iowa? That's a pro-  
hibition State, I believe."

CUPID IS THE Lord Chief Justice of the Di-  
vorce Court. Without him, it would have  
no reason for being.

## AN UNGROUNDED FEAR.

"The White House is said not to  
be properly supplied with exits."  
"Won't Mr. Harrison be able  
to leave when his term expires?"

## CHICAGO'S WAY.

FIRST CHICAGO MAN (*con-  
fidentially*).—It seems to be  
utterly impossible to abate  
the smoke nuisance. What  
shall we do?

SECOND CHICAGO MAN  
(*cheerily*).—Boast of it!

## FOUND WHAT THEY WANTED.

SMITH.—What is all this  
fuss? What have the Board  
of Health found in the Cro-  
ton water, anyhow?

JONES.—A nice fat job  
for some Tammany inspect-  
ors, I guess!

"MURDER IN OUR MIDST"—  
The Vegetarian's Idea of a  
Meat Breakfast.

"HARD TIMES ALONG THE BOR-  
DER"—Hemming by Hand.

A ROOMY APARTMENT — One  
which has so Many Rooms that  
there is No Room in Any of Them.

IN SPITE OF all news items to the contrary,  
the Oldest Inhabitant is never dead.



## THE WRONG NAME.

MISTRESS.—Ellen, when you have company in  
the kitchen, they must be more quiet. I heard hilarity  
here last night, and—

ELLEN.—Sure, Ma'am; Oi've not seen a Larrity  
since Oi left Tullamore. 'T was Misther Hogan, the  
junk man; an' the jokes av him wud make the Pope  
himself die wid laughin'!

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guaran-  
tee of its excellence.

One hundred and fifty-five thousand  
copies of PICKINGS FROM PUCK were  
sold by us during 1891.

A great many copies, to be sure,  
but what an infinitely small quantity  
when you consider that *English* is  
the language of 100,000,000 people  
— all hungry for fun and thirsty for  
mirth such as is dispensed in PICK-  
INGS FROM PUCK! So you see there  
is a market for more copies; and  
why should it not be our ambition  
to place a copy of PICKINGS FROM  
PUCK in the hands of every one of  
these 100,000,000?

Though small, the Edition of 1891 is large  
enough to convince everybody that PICKINGS  
FROM PUCK has exceeding merit. There are now  
six "Crops;" each costs twenty-five cents; all  
newsdealers sell them, and they are mailed by  
the publishers on receipt of price. The Seventh  
Crop will be out February 3rd. Send orders to  
PUCK, New York.

**EXAMINE** all the new bicy-  
cles for 1892, but do not  
buy any until you have seen the  
**WARWICK Perfection CYCLE**  
with Pneumatic or Cushion Tires.  
Then you will buy no other.

Made in SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**DECKER**  
BROTHERS'  
33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK  
**PIANOS**

CHAPPING,  
Chafing,  
DANDRUFF,  
Itching,

Speedily Relieved by

**PACKER'S**  
**TAR SOAP.**

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.  
CHICAGO, ILL., 229 State Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1193 Main Street.

# Pears' Soap

The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no alkali in it. It is perhaps the only soap in the world with no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## The \$10.00 Kodak.



This new camera with latest improvements makes 24 snap shot or indoor pictures 3 1/2 x 4 inches without reloading. Beautiful finish. Splendid workmanship.

Developing and Printing Outfit, \$1.50.

Complete Illustrated guide to photography with each kodak outfit enables you to "do the rest" yourself.

Send for circulars.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**IT'S WONDERFUL!**  
"The New Treatment" for Catarrh, by petroleum. Send stamp for 30 page pamphlet, free. Agents wanted.  
HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 BROADWAY, N. Y.

## Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.

BEST

PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

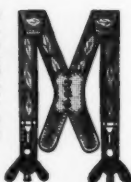
INVALUABLE

in the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.



You don't want comfort. If you don't wish to look well dressed. If you don't want the best, then you don't want the Lace Back Suspender. Your dealer has it if he is alive. If he isn't he shouldn't be your dealer. We will mail a pair on receipt of \$1.00. None genuine without the stamp as above.

Lace Back Suspender Co.,  
57 Prince Street, N. Y.



IF

376

### AT CROSS PURPOSES.

LORD DEVOID.—Have you ever been present at court, Mrs. Lakeside?

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Oh, lots of times! There is n't a judge in Chicago that does n't know me. I've been divorced three times, you know.—*Epoch*.

### A MYSTERY.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (*coming home finds his wife at the stove*).—So you are doing your own cooking? Tell me, now, what is it that you are cooking at that stove, Molly?

MOLLY.—You must n't have so much curiosity. I don't know myself yet what it is going to be.—*Texas Siftings*.



TRADE MARK.

Daily tests in card playing countries throughout the world confirm the excellence of the "United States" Cards. Of the many brands issued at our factories the following are adapted especially to Club Games and Card Parties:

Capitol. Sportsman's. Cabinet.  
Army and Navy. Treasury. Congress.

Insist upon having them from your dealer.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,

The Russell & Morgan Factories, CINCINNATI, O.

"The Card Players' Companion," showing how games are played, and giving prices of 40 brands—400 kinds—of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.



TRADE MARK.

EVERY baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

No well regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.



**GOLDEN CROSS HOTEL,**  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Opposite Charing Cross Station. Main Station for Continental Trains. American clients, before leaving the States, are respectfully requested to cable or write for Apartments to GOLDEN CROSS HOTEL, London, Eng. Prop.—R. SINCLAIR.

THOUGH people are too modest to admit it, every man is his own hero, and every woman her own heroine.—*The Atchison Weekly Globe*.

### DRINK

# Tigoral

A FOE TO FATIGUE.

Made from Prime Lean Beef, by

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

**OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.** We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEWEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, Tenn. Mention PUCK. 154

Closes Doors without Slamming or Breaking of Glass.

PRICES  
\$4 to \$8  
EACH,  
ACCORDING  
TO SIZE.



FOR SALE BY  
NORTON DOOR CHECK & SPRING CO.,  
505 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.  
AGENTS WANTED.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa**



from which the excess of oil has been removed,  
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

**No Chemicals** are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 388\*

The Back Numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY are never "out of print."

In glass jars, quart, pint and 1/2 pint cans.  
(Accept no substitutes)

20 different kinds  
(Be sure and get ours)



Franco-American Food Co.  
(Refuse all other brands)

Franklin St. and West Broadway, N. Y.  
(Visitors are welcome)



# KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

**NO OTHER  
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.**

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

**JAMES S. KIRK & CO.,**

**SPECIAL**—Shandon Bells Soap (the popular Society Soap) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA

**BREAKFAST.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaf by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

**JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,**  
London, England.

Is your blood poor? Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

AN umbrella has a way of going without saying. So has its companion, frequently.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

ETHEL.—I think I shall be safe in marrying George; he would never marry me for my money.

MAUD.—How do you know?

ETHEL.—I'm told he does n't care for money; throwing it away as fast as he gets it.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

## Arnold, Constable & Co. INDIA PONCEES.

**30,000 YARDS  
REAL INDIA PONCEES.**

The best qualities ever offered. Dress lengths and cut pieces at extraordinary prices. The above goods can be recommended to give undoubted satisfaction.

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.

**SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS**  
Via **QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE**  
The *Florida Limited* The *New Orleans Special*  
A SUPERB VESTIBULED TRAIN running DAILY between  
**CINCINNATI AND ST AUGUSTINE, FLA.**  
LEXINGTON, CHATTANOOGA, ATLANTA, JACKSONVILLE  
SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS  
Served by  
**CINCINNATI AND NEW ORLEANS**  
LEXINGTON, CHATTANOOGA AND BIRMINGHAM.  
**NO EXTRA FARES ON THESE TRAINS**

Send stamp for picture, "THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER," to Short-hand School, 816 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper. 347

To California without change of cars, via New York Central. No extra fare. Send for itinerary.

## VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."  
"Something has Turned up! The Golden opportunity Has arrived. The Tide of fortune is At the flood. The-in Short, Wilkins Micawber is the sole Agent for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA In the southern Hemisphere."  
**PERFECTLY PURE.**  
The Standard Cocoa of the World.  
A Delicious Beverage.  
Stimulating and Invigorating.  
**VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS** utilizes in the highest possible degree all the flesh forming elements, while highly developing the flavor and aroma.  
Sold in 1-lb., 1-4, 1-2 and 1-lb. Cans. If not obtainable enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOOK, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed. Mention this publication. Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZOOK, Weesp, Holland. A4.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
212 State St., Chicago.

## RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE

BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.  
**HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
New York Branch, 92 Pearl Street, E. L. ZELL, Agent.  
The Back-Numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY are never "out of print."  
SOMETHING which requires attention—A pretty girl.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



*Smooother than gold  
More durable than pure steel*



Sample free at the stationers, or twelve styles for 10 cents. Tadella Pen Co., St. Paul, Minn.



Backing up a good thing. The reputation of the maker ought to go far to recommend a trial of a new article. Our thirty years of public record as makers of leading brands of tobaccos, is offered as a reason for your testing MASTIFF PLUG CUT. J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

## PENNSYLVANIA TOURS! CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, and MEXICO FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

**FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.**  
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

**EXCURSION TICKETS** with Return Limits adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Pugh,  
General Manager.

R. J. Wood,  
General Passenger Agent.

Before the cause of consumption was known (that was only a few years ago) we did not know how Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil did so much good in consumption and in the conditions that lead to consumption.

The explanation is interesting. We send it free in a book on CAREFUL LIVING.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 139 South 5th Avenue, New York.  
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

## DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Hannan, ex-Chief Detectives of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particulars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

### A POTENT REASON.

**PONSONBY.**—Her name has been dragged into the courts a score of times, and is synonymous with scandal. Yet, why did Snively ask her for her hand?

**POPINJAY.**—Perhaps, because there are half a dozen diamond rings on it. — *The Jewelers' Circular.*

**A DOUBLE CHIN**—When Two Women Meet. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

**TEACHER.**—Now, Mamie, tell me how many bones you have in your body.

**MAMIE.**—Two hundred and eight.

**TEACHER.**—Wrong; you have only two hundred and seven.

**MAMIE (triumphantly).**—Yes; but I swallowed a fishbone at breakfast this morning. — *Harper's Bazar.*

AN "ice jam" is anything but a sweet thing to the Maine logger. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Short, sharp and decisive, in the cure of coughs and colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cheapest and best remedy on earth for pain is Salvation Oil. Only 25 cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### BROCK \* ENTERPRISE, HOUSE. \* FLORIDA.

This famous hotel has opened for the season, December 15th, 1891. A truly tropical spot, celebrated for its natural beauty and excellent hunting and fishing. One of the most comfortable and homelike hotels in the South. Gas, bells, baths, orchestra, telegraph, artesian well, mineral springs. Service, attendance and cuisine of the highest order. Send for terms and circular.

F. M. ROGERS, Proprietor.  
Formerly with Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Now, then, if some giant mind will invent a snow-shovel that will fold up and look like an umbrella when a fellow is caught at work on the sidewalk by a passing friend, we shall be perfectly happy. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

## FOR THROAT AND LUNG

complaints,  
the best remedy is

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

In colds,  
bronchitis, la grippe,  
and croup, it is

**Prompt to Act**  
sure to cure.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX,"  
But Sold for 25 Cents.



**She Never  
Laughs.**

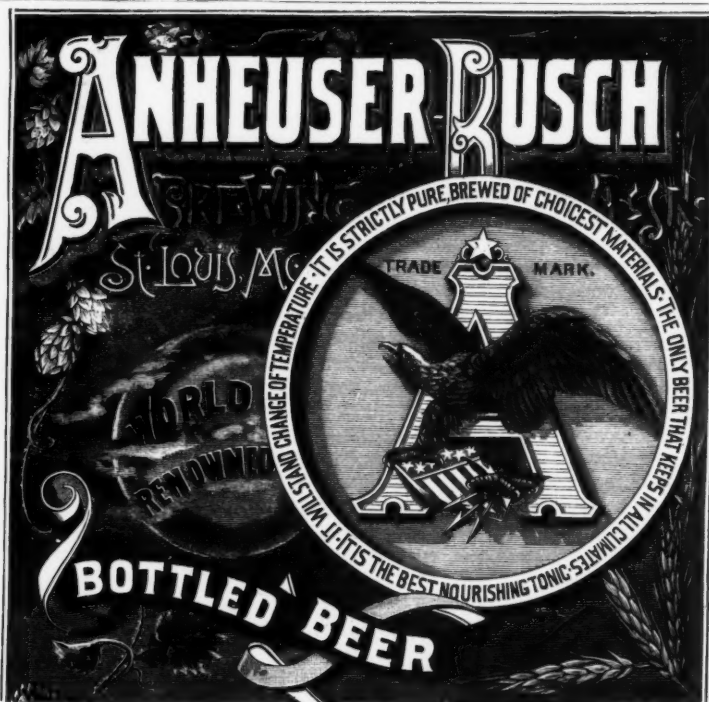
And no wonder! She's all out of order inside. She's got Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and, as a natural consequence,

**Sick Headache.**

## BEECHAM'S

**PILLS** act like magic on all the vital functions, and restore harmony to the entire system.

88 Of all Druggists. N. Y. Depot, 365 Canal St.



**With the Completion of the New Brewhouse,  
the Brewing Capacity is the Largest  
of any Brewery in the World.**

**BREWING CAPACITY:** 6 kettles every 24 hours, 5,000 Barrels, or 1,500,000 Barrels per year.

**CONSUMPTION OF MATERIAL:** Malt, 10,000 bushels per day — 3,000,000 bushels per year. Hops: 6,700 lbs. per day — 2,000,000 lbs. per year.

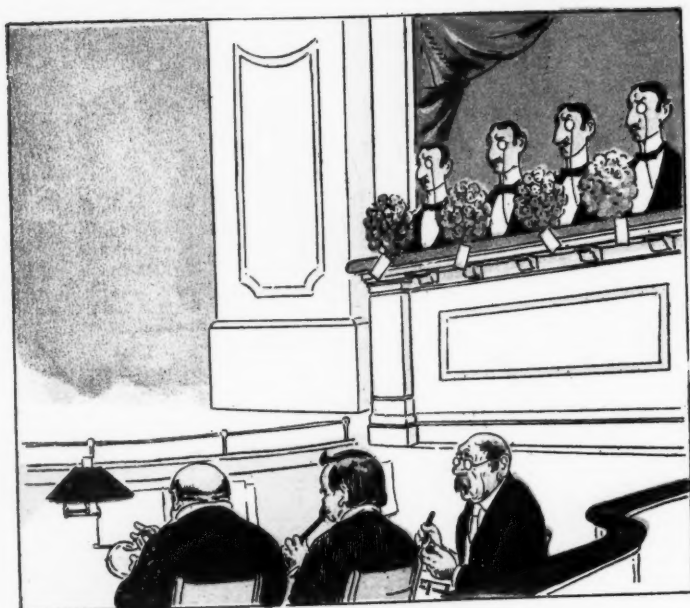
**No Corn or Corn Preparations** are used in the manufacture of the ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER. It is, therefore, the highest priced but the most wholesome and really the least expensive for its superior quality.

**ANNUAL SHIPPING CAPACITY:** 1,000,000 Bottles and 4,000,000 Kegs.

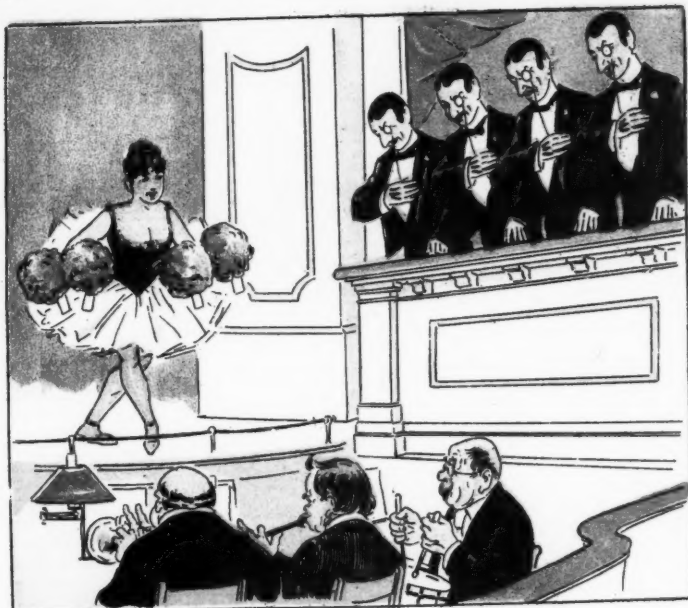




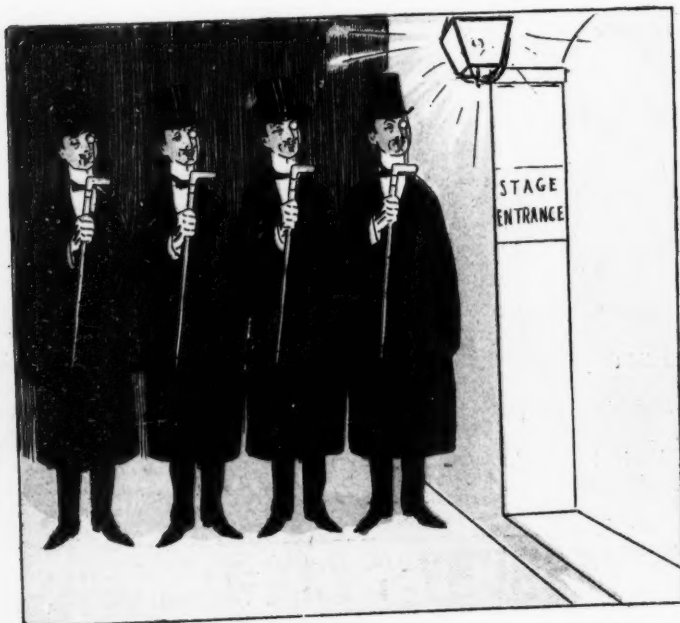
PUCK.



8 P. M.



11 P. M.



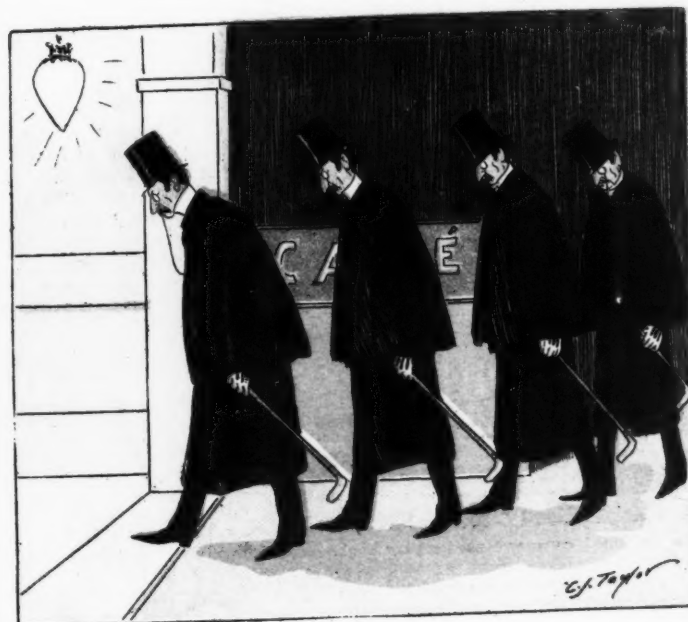
12 M.



12:10 A. M.



12:10<sup>30</sup> A. M.



12:15 A. M.

THE FOUR HASTY CHAPPIES.